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Address ADAMS' PRESS COMPANY,
31 Park Row, N. Y., and 55 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.
Jan. 26, 1864. ly

Important to Farmers!
NEW IMPROVEMENT--A SAVING FIELD REAPER. This machine, which has recently been introduced to the public, is one of the cheapest and best ever invented. It is intended to cut Clover, Hay, &c., and is so simple in its construction that it can be repaired by any ordinary mechanic. It is small, occupying but little space, and can be removed without trouble or expense. It does its work with a speed not equaled by any other machine. The largest size costs
ONLY TWELVE DOLLARS,
while other machines of this character cost from \$25 to \$50.
Farmers, call and see it. Those who have tried it, bear testimony as to its merits, and say they would not do without one, at double the cost.
The undersigned has purchased the Right of Adams County, and is prepared to furnish the machines.
WM. F. STALLSMITH,
York St., Gettysburg, Pa.
Jan. 19, 1864. ly

Another Change in the Hat & Shoe Business.
A. COBURN, having associated with him in business JAMES S. CHAMBERS, who has recently moved to Gettysburg, is prepared to furnish the citizens of Gettysburg and the surrounding country with the most fashionable and comfortable hats and shoes. A. COBURN & Co., who will constantly keep on hand a large stock of Goods, in the line of Hats, Hairs, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and they will also continue the Manufacture of Shoes.
From their long experience in all the above branches, they flatter themselves that they can please the public, and will sell cheap for cash.
A. COBURN,
J. S. CHAMBERS,
Doing business under the name & firm of A. A. COBURN & Co.
Feb. 1, 1864. ly

All Invited.
THE undersigned have this day entered into partnership in the Grain, Produce and Commission business, at the old Kline's former house, corner of Station and Railroad streets. The highest prices in cash paid for FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, SEEDS, AND HAY.
All kinds of Groceries, Groceries, Fish, Salt, and every other article usually found in our line of business, all of which will be sold wholesale and retail, on the lowest terms. Call and see us, and satisfy yourselves that it is really so.
ROLLINS & HERBST,
Gettysburg, June 2--46.

For Sale or Exchange.
A VERY DESIRABLE FIRST MILL, with 25 ACRES of land, in Germany township. I will exchange for a Farm, and pay the difference, if any.
GEORGE ARNOLD.

For Sale.
A VERY DESIRABLE FARM, adjoining the Borough of Gettysburg, containing 124 ACRES, buildings and land good; will be sold on very accommodating terms.
GEORGE ARNOLD.

Wanted.
A GOOD FARM, in ADAMS COUNTY, for which I will exchange one or more Farms of choice land in Iowa, and pay the difference.
GEO. ARNOLD.

Excelsior! Excelsior!
THE Excelsior Washing Machine is the best in the world; call and see mine at once. Office at the Excelsior Gallery, Gettysburg.
TYSON & BRO.
Dec. 15.

Albums! Albums! Albums!
JUST received a large and beautiful assortment of Photograph Albums, which we offer below City prices.
TYSON & BRO.
Dec. 15.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York, and a State St. Boston, are our Agents for the Sixties, in this city, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

Boarding.
MRS. ELIZA JANE ZIEGLER has opened a first-class Boarding-house at her residence on West Middle-street, Gettysburg.
Feb. 1, 1864--36.

For Rent.
A TWO STORY BRICK HOUSE, on Railroad street, now occupied by W. H. Ashbaugh. Apply to
WM. A. BENJAN.
Jan. 26, 1864.

NEW GOODS.
GEORGE ARNOLD has just received from Philadelphia, a large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Overcoatings, Cassimeres, Vestings, Flannels, Shirts, &c., all of which will be sold cheap for cash. Call and see them.
Sept. 22.

SALE OF FURNITURE.
GILGAMES, Gingham, &c., at reduced rates at FAIRBANKS' STORE,
May 12. Sign of the Red Front.

ADAMS, call and see the cheapest lot of SILKS ever offered in Gettysburg, which are now open and ready for sale at
FAIRBANKS' STORE,
April 22.

ENGLISH French and American Mustard for sale at Dr. R. H. HANCOCK'S Drug Store.
Dr. R. H. HANCOCK'S Drug Store.

Chamber Poetry.
OUR CHILDHOOD.
BY GEORGE D. PARKER.

'Tis said--yet sweet--to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood wish
To run like nips in there!
There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past--
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast--
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
No fair to look upon.
Those bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.
Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the springtime of the year--
Like the change to gleams of April
They shined every where.
Like the bright buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem;
Yet 'tis a lovely death
To fade from earth like them.
And yet--the thought is sadening
To muse on such as they--
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each living breath,
Like the seed life of our coming vine,
Then perch where they rest.
And even we help but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming;
For we know that winter's coming!
With its cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is blossoming but to die.

Miscellaneous.

The American Eagle.
The following incident is related in a recent lecture by Rev. A. L. Stout, pastor of Park Church, Boston:
In the early part of the war, there stood on Shackleton Island, a high flag staff, from which floated the national banner. Of course, the secessionists soon tore this down. But there still remained the staff the national eagle. This was too loyal for the traitors, and after a time they succeeded in getting it down, or breaking it off. Their work was hardly finished, when lo! the air quivered with the rush of heavily winged, and a majestic eagle swept down and lighted on the staff. In a few moments the marksmen sent bullet after bullet at the royal mark. In vain. His piercing eye looked at them defiant, he too, clanked round a few feet, and settled again on his perch. At length, struck with awe, they ceased to fire, and soon the imperial bird, soaring upward a hundred feet higher, lighted on the top of a lofty pine. The symbol of liberty may be assailed and profaned; liberty itself may be the target of treason's aim; but above the smoke, and the din, the strife and hate, she will soon unharmed, with a broader sweep, and up to a loftier height in the serene line of heaven.

Ten Friends.
'I wish that I had good friends to help me in life,' cried lady Demais, with a sigh.
'Good friends! why, you've ten!' replied her master.
'I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me.'
'But your fingers, my boy,' said his master.
Demais looked down on his big, strong hands.
'Count thumbs and all,' added the master.
'I have--there are ten,' said the lad.
'Then, never say that you have not ten good friends able to help you in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting, because you do not get help from others.'

Our Best Parlor.--Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson, special guest, or sewing society. Made your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, heeding to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dingy about your house--no room you never open--no blinds that are always shut.

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment he can pay to a woman, and however undesirable these gifts to you may be, they should be courteously and kindly declined; since a refusal is not only to most men a disappointment, but a mortification, it should always be avoided, if possible.

Love, in the heart of a woman, should partake largely of the nature of gratitude; she should love because she is already loved by one deserving her regard; and if you never allow yourself to think of gentlemen in the light of lovers or husbands until you are asked to do so, you would escape much suffering.

A sensible woman has been found at Chicago in a street car. Handing four fares to the conductor, she answered his puzzled look by quietly remarking, with a glance at her voluminous crinoline, 'I use my four seats, sir.'

A New Story for Dean Ramsay.

In a certain parish in a southern county there was once a preacher who rejoiced in the familiar designation of Jock Tamsoun. By trade Jock was a weaver, and he possessed that strange mixture of gawkiness and simplicity, stupidity and shrewdness, often the characteristics of the Scottish peasantry sixty years ago. It was the custom in the old kirk, in which Jock led the psalmody, for the rememorative to read every line of the psalm before singing it. Some of Jock's friends in the village, endowed with as much cleverness as himself, and a greater love of mischief, resolved to make use of his office of preacher as the means of getting him into a scrape. It had been noticed that when the minister got the length of the third or fourth verse of the psalm given out to be sung, Jock's attention was so occupied by his preparations for starting the tune that he would not be paying much attention to the reading. In order to try whether this was the case or not, two of his un-churchful friends cut out very neatly the first verse of a well-known Scottish ballad, and pasted it over the fourth verse of a familiar psalm. At last to their great delight, one dark winter's day the psalm doctored was given out. Jock exhibited the usual signs of preparation at the reading of the third verse, and his friends saw clearly that the alteration of the fourth verse had quite escaped his notice. On went Jock at a fine 'burr' through the first three verses, and proceeded with great gusto to the fourth. The first line he read without the least hesitation--
'God prosper long our noble King.'
He was so engrossed with the subject and with his work that it was not thought even that he observed the sudden silence of the congregation. On he went bravely to the second line--
'Our lives and safeties all.'
At the conclusion of this line it seemed to have drawn upon him that his voice was the only audible one in the congregation, and by a hasty glance which he cast first at the minister and then at the people, it was inferred that he thought there was something wrong, though, from the confidence with which he began the third line, it was evident that he had not the smallest idea that there was anything wrong with his own performance. On he went with the line, but suddenly stopped at the third word--
'A--wauld--hannin'--hannin'--'
Looks closer at the book, and holds it up to catch the light--
'A wauld hannin'--'
Signs of excitement and disturbance here began to manifest themselves amongst the congregation. The apparently filled Jock with the idea that he himself was making a mistake in his reading, and accordingly he once more made a closer inspection of the unfamiliar yet familiar word. The result of his inspection seemed to astonish him, whilst he appeared to be gratified that he was in the right, and that the congregation had no occasion for such an exhibition of excitement. With an air of injured innocence and surprise he gave vent to his conclusions in the following form:--
'Hannin' hannin'--'wauld hannin'--'
and it is hannin' through.'
The effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described, and so may Jock's elation, when one of the elders stepped up to him and placed a correctly printed psalm book in his hand.

A Squint-Gun Surprise.

Not long ago a Western landlord, noted for his blunders, took it into his head to get up a ball at his 'tavern.' As he intended to do the thing brown, and have everything on the big anger plan, he fancied that a few 'store fixins' would be a great addition to his bill of fare of pork and turkey. He therefore made an inquiry among his friends, and found that the only delicacy in the market at that season of the year was squids. His curiosity, however, was so villainously bad, as to make it read 'two dozen boxes' syringes. The night of the party came, and as supper drew near, the landlord looked anxiously down the street for the appearance of the stage which was to bring the principal dish on the bill. At last it arrived, and with a package for the expectant landlord. Directly there was a great outcry, and a sound of cursing in the bar-room. The entire party rushed out to see what was the matter, and there stood the boniface, as usual a turkey-cock, pulling and blowing with rage.

'See there!' said he, 'see there! I sent to Dubuque for two dozen boxes of squids for supper to-night, and the cursed fool has sent me twenty three boxes of them blatted pewter squirt guns, and says that's all there is in the market.'

The Rigat Bird.
Old Dr. Nicholas, who formerly practiced medicine, found the calls and fees did not come fast enough to piece him, so he added an apothecary shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:--
'One, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something a little bit wanting in it.'

'And what, pray, is that?' asked the doctor.
'Why, you see,' said Pat, 'you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it.'

'Aye! yes,' replied the doctor, 'that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?'

'Faith, and I don't know but they would,' said Pat; 'but I'm after thinking there's another kind of bird would be more appropriate.'

'And what is that?' asked the doctor.
'Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries, 'Quack, quack, quack, quack!'

The last seen of Pat and the doctor, was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.
The Boston (Mass.) Courier relates the following:
Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the sister of his got into a knot. Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl--then a king up to Miss Grace, he said, 'We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?' Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. Webster. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was bound, after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

How Sam was Caught.
An old lady who was making some jam was called upon by a neighbor. 'Sam, you rascal,' she said, 'you'll be eating my jam when I'm away.' Sam protested he'd die first, but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. 'See here, Sam,' said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, 'I'll chalk your lips, and then on my return I'll know if you've eaten any.' So saying, she passed her finger over the thick lip of her aukney, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back, she did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

An Extraordinary Sermon.
A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts retained home one Sunday afternoon from church, and began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon. 'I have heard,' said he, 'one of the most delightful sermons ever preached before a Christian society. It came me to the gates of Heaven.' 'Well,' said Frank, 'I think you had better dodge in for you will never get another such a chance.'

A few days since an Irishman went to see the gorilla in the cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the gorilla, he remarked, on seeing him, 'Good God! if they have not such soldiers as that old South, I ain't going to war.'

The Dean of Westminster, in a lecture on Solomon, called him 'the great thinker of the East, who understood the importance of foreign affairs for his kingdom.' The impression is that he was equally familiar with domestic affairs.

Another Snake Story.

Between the point of Lookout Mountain and Bridgeport, down the valley of the Tennessee, lie twenty miles of dead miles, in one continuous string; the head of the first carcass lying on the 'quarter-deck' of the one beyond him, and so on, throughout the entire distance. Just imagine a convulsion of nature of sufficient magnitude to bury these remains as they now lie, and phancy the phreinx of a future Agassiz, who, in his geological researches, strikes either of the termini, and attempts to exhume the entire 'snake.' Won't it knock the sockets off the brains of the divan period! Twenty-five miles of vortebury with two pedal arrangements every three feet! What a bully side show for a future circus! It will probably be called 'the old he Copperhead of the Rebellion period'--admission ten cents--Peace Democrats half-price.--Chattanooga Gazette.

An Unlucky Maiden.
A Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times says there is in that city at this time a very lovely and charming young lady, who is destined to go through the world without being married. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure--in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right \$300,000, and being an only daughter with the prospect of inheriting millions. This fair lady is now about twenty six years old, and has been engaged to be married twelve times. Each time the seeming fortunate lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicious of danger or bowl can be cast upon the fair one; a dark, mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever; one was killed in a duel; one was thrown from a horse; two were drowned, two were killed by railroad accidents, and one hung himself! The lady has survived all these shocks. Thirteen may be for her fortunate, and not the fatal number. Who will try?

The Russian Princess.
A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the eighteenth century, Michael Seppach, when the marquis began to pass one of his jokes upon the long, white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors, who was present. He offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow! The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the present, saying: 'Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country,' embraced and gave him a kiss. She then presented him what was on the plate, saying: 'Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age.'

Mrs. Partington says 'that when she was a girl she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to extort her home. But now,' says she, 'the girls undergo all sorts of delicacies; the task of extorting them home devolves on their own dear selves.' The old lady drew down her spectacles, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could deprive the worth of the female sex.

A very talkative little girl used of ten to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion, a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed:--'Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any.'

We do not do wholly at death; we have mumbled away long before. Family after family, interest after interest, attachment after attachment, disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what were to the grave.

During the recent performance of Romeo and Juliet, at Marlborough, Mass., the fair Juliet's question in soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught--'What if this mixture do not work at all?'--was answered by an arch in the pit--'Then take a dose of pills.' The effect upon the audience can better be imagined than described.

The following peculiar 'units' was found posted in a little town in Delaware:--'Reward.--Lost or strayed from the premises of the subscriber, a sheeps all over white, one leg was black and half his body. All persons shall receive five dollars to bring him back. He was a she goat.'

The other day, a teacher at a lady's school, while putting a company of juveniles, of the gentler sex, through the spelling game to the word 'lad,' of which in accordance with the modern method, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put with a sideling look unblushingly answered:--'For counting with.'

'Excuse me, Madame, but I would like to ask you why you look at me so strangely?'
'O, be pardon, Sir, I took you for my husband!'

Experience of a Slave to Tobacco.

Under this head, and with his own initials, is a signature, Mr. McFarland, the senior editor of the Concord Statesman, gives his experience as a slave to tobacco, and, what is better, his happier experience of emancipation, in eleven years of freedom.

The writer of this article commenced to use tobacco at an early period in life--in the year 1821--and was a slave to that indulgence until September, 1852. In the last named year I was confined four weeks with a fever, when, as in other illnesses, tobacco ceased to be an agreeable plant. On reaching a convalescent condition, I formed the purpose to make an attempt to break off the pernicious habit. Feeling no appetite for tobacco so long as my illness continued, I supposed an easy triumph awaited me; but, on recovery, relish for the plant returned with its original power, and I soon ascertained that the strong man was not to be shaken off without a desperate struggle. But the struggle was untiringly successful, and from that to the present time I have not used a particle of tobacco.

The fact is mainly of personal importance, and would not be obtruded upon public attention did I not suppose the relation of my experience of the baneful effects of tobacco would lead a few people to make, and with success, the experiment for which I did not strive in vain.

As the purpose of this article is to set forth the effects of tobacco upon health, it is not necessary to dwell long upon the minor objections to its use. These effects, however, are neither few nor small. They are the exposure attending the habit, amounting, in case of manititudes, to large sums annually; the offensiveness of tobacco to many people; the time consumed in sucking; the fitness caused by spitting in cars, dwelling-houses, churches, public halls, and on the side-walks, and danger that the throat created by the use of tobacco, smoked or chewed, will lead to partaking of intoxicating drinks. These are, however, only the lesser evils. The chief objection lies deeper, and is the only one usually adequate to cause men to work a personal reform.

In my case tobacco was undermining my health and unfitting me for daily tasks. It caused dyspepsia, which probably came very near assuming a chronic form, from which there is usually, I believe, no exemption until death removes the sufferer. It induced frequent dizziness and sometimes vertigo. It produced tremulous sensations, at times affecting my hands, and slight numbness in the limbs. It caused me to look upon my new undertakings as too formidable to encounter. Daily tasks became irksome. Injury had been sustained by the nervous system, and I was at no loss for the cause. Depression, amounting at times almost to hypochondria, became the unwelcome guest. I was compelled at times to eatulatin. These several forms of evil arising from smoking and chewing tobacco were my penalty, as they are of multitudes of other slaves to it, and I saw that I must effect my liberation from the habit, or be a sufferer so long as I lived.

It would be easy to enlarge upon this portion of the topic, but the consequences of the use of tobacco have been so fully set out by the ablest medical writers, that further enlargement upon this branch of the subject is unnecessary. But my purpose would be only imperfectly fulfilled did I hesitate to state the results of my emancipation from a bondage of more than thirty years. The least of these salutary consequences is saving several hundred dollars by abstinence of eleven years--not less, in my case, than \$20 each year. In the next place, much time has been saved and appropriated to better uses.

More important still, I was restored to complete health. The ten years preceding September, 1852, were with me years of illness; the eleven years succeeding that date have been years of health. That depressing malady--dyspepsia--and other pernicious consequences of chewing and smoking, have passed away. These nervous affections, inspiring fear, are not now felt; and, to sum up the case, so gratifying have been the results of my freedom from the dominion of tobacco, that a great sum of money would be inadequate to tempt me into its bonds again.

'So you are going to keep house, are you?' said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Going to have a girl, I suppose.' The newly made wife colored, and then quietly responded that she 'really didn't know whether it would be a girl or a boy.'

A pretty Irish girl went to the post office, a few evenings since, with a letter that had no direction on it, requesting the clerk to send it to her sweetheart. 'What is his name?' inquired the clerk. 'Ah!' replied Bridget, 'that's just what I don't want any one to know.'

Some one, the other day asked Gen. Butler why he employed a certain person, said to be disloyal and of general bad character, to penetrate the rebel lines. 'If you wanted information from hell,' replied General Butler, 'would you send a saint or sister of charity to fetch it?'

A cross old man says women take almost as much time in making up their minds as they do to make up their bodies.

A recently old bachelor says, the most difficult surgery operating in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

Not only commission makes a sin. A man is guilty of all the sins he hates not.

Dou vs. Steam.

On Sunday last a gentleman, accompanied by his dog, a large white fellow, got on the cars on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad, about half way between the city and this borough. Not wishing to take the dog along, as soon as the car started he pushed him off the train. The dog not caring whether he traveled on foot or by railroad, dashed on ahead of the train. The gentleman offered to bet \$5 that the dog would be at the next station, one and a half miles distant, before the cars stopped there. Notwithstanding the holiness of the day, all the passengers ladies and gentlemen, were on tip toe to see the race--some with their heads out of the windows, others at the doors and on the platforms. At this state of the excitement, a gentleman was unfortunate enough to lose a new hat. The dog though had the middle of the truck, and the train was gaining on him. Many expressed fears that the dog would be run over. But old Whitey knew the nature of his competitor, and took the sideling. The train passed him, and the whistle being given to stop at the station, the train slackened up and the dog passed, coming in at the station about two lengths ahead of the train. The train started and so did Whitey; the gentleman again offered to bet on the 'heat' for the next station. Sure enough the dog came in ahead. Third heat Whitey came up to the 'scratch!' just as the engine started; fourth heat, engine about one length ahead; fifth heat, engine a little ahead. They had now gone over about nine miles of the road, and although the dog was beginning to flag, he did not seem inclined to give up the race. Being only two more stations from the city, the owner of the dog thought he would reach there nearly as soon as the train, thus traveling about eleven miles in about forty minutes.--Village Record, West Chester, Pa.

Return of Colored Emigrants from Hayti.--During the last session of Congress the sum of \$200,000 was appropriated for the colonization of colored persons declared free by the acts of emancipation and confiscation. Taking advantage of this appropriation about 420 colored persons embarked, in April last, at Fortress Monroe, under a contract with Forbes and Tuckerman, of New York, for the Isle of A. Vache, belonging to the republic of Hayti. During the passage the small-pox broke out, and they suffered terribly therefrom. After their arrival out, their sufferings, from want of attention, became so great that Secretary Usher, under the direction of the President, dispatched Mr. D. C. Donahoe, of Indiana, to examine into their condition, and Mr. Lincoln determined, upon his report, to have them returned to this country without delay. Accordingly, the ship Marcia C. Day was sent to the Isle of A. Vache during the month of February, and on Sunday she returned and cast anchor in the Potomac, near Alexandria, with the surviving colonists, now 368 in number, on board.

Attempt to Bribe a Provost Judge.
A man named Daniel Muloney was recently sent to jail at Norfolk, for assault and battery, but applied for a new trial. Soon after, a brother of the prisoner placed a letter in the hands of Major Haggerty, the provost judge, which was found to contain a \$50 greenback, and expressing the writer's thanks for his intention to give a new trial. The letter and contents were promptly returned, and on the motion for a new trial coming up, the prisoner acknowledged that he sent the letter and enclosure, whereupon he was sentenced to be imprisoned one year, and fined \$300 for offering a bribe.

Female Blockade Runners Arrested.--Mrs. Baril, wife of an officer of the navy; Mrs. Carter, whose husband is in the Confederate States; and another lady, have been confined in the Old Capitol Prison for attempting to convey letters, medicines, etc., to the rebels. They had nearly got outside the lines when they were taken. All the parties were in the most fashionable circles here.--Wash. Cor. A. Y. Times.

A Mexican Navy.--The new Emperor, it is said, dreams of nothing else than creating a powerful navy in the Gulf of Mexico, as the surest means of erecting that famous barrier against the aggression of the Anglo-American race. A powerful navy is a very magnificent thing, but it costs a magnificent price. Unless Maximilian can do what the Mexicans themselves could never effect--squeeze out of the nation fifty or a hundred millions extra for a navy--his chance of effecting his object will be small.

In a speech the other day, Fernando Wood had the assurance to say, 'Wo of New York sent fourteen regiments into Pennsylvania when she was invaded.' To which a Pennsylvania member rejoined, sotto voce, 'Yes, you did, Fernando--the muckers that you sent to Georgia when the war broke out came back to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg. Fourteen regiments of your friends, and more brought them!'

The President sent an autograph copy of his speech at the Gettysburg celebration to the Fair at New York, at the request of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, to accompany the manuscript copy of Mr. Everett's oration on the same occasion.

James Buchanan will never appreciate the merits of Ayer's Pills. In Dr. Ayer's Almanac for the present year, in the column of 'miscellaneous events,' the following 'serap of history' is found: 'Traitor Buchanan was born April 23d, 1791.'

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